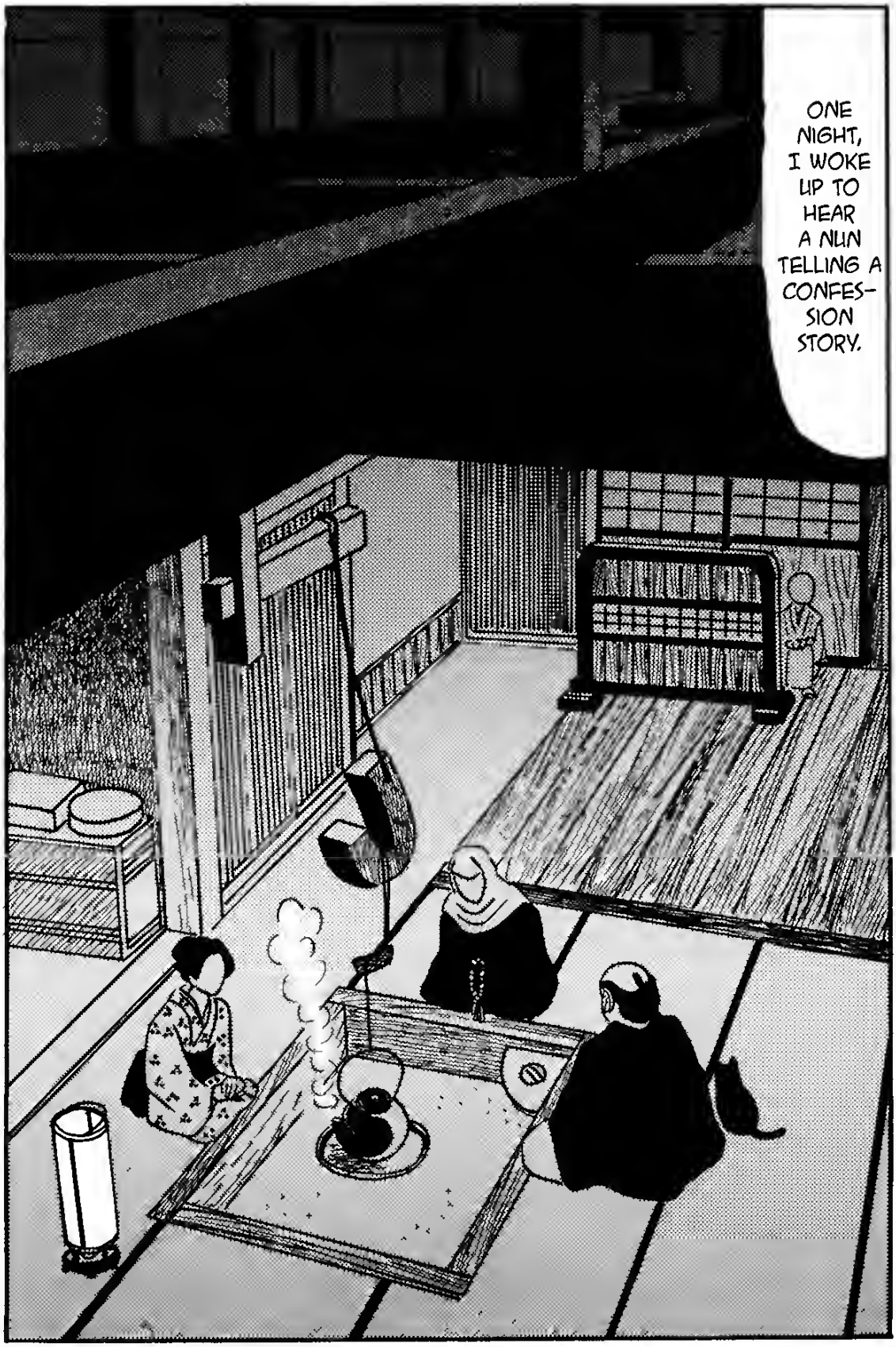
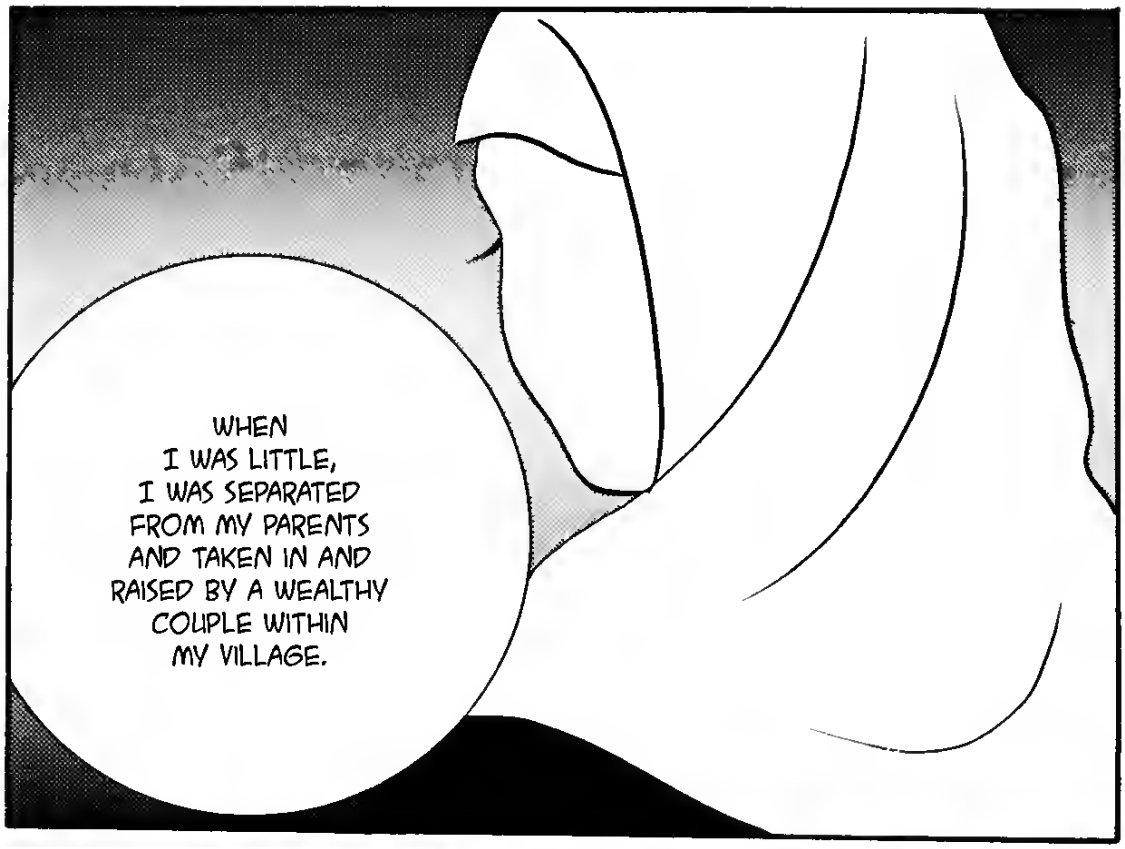
Tale
13

The Nun's Confession Story

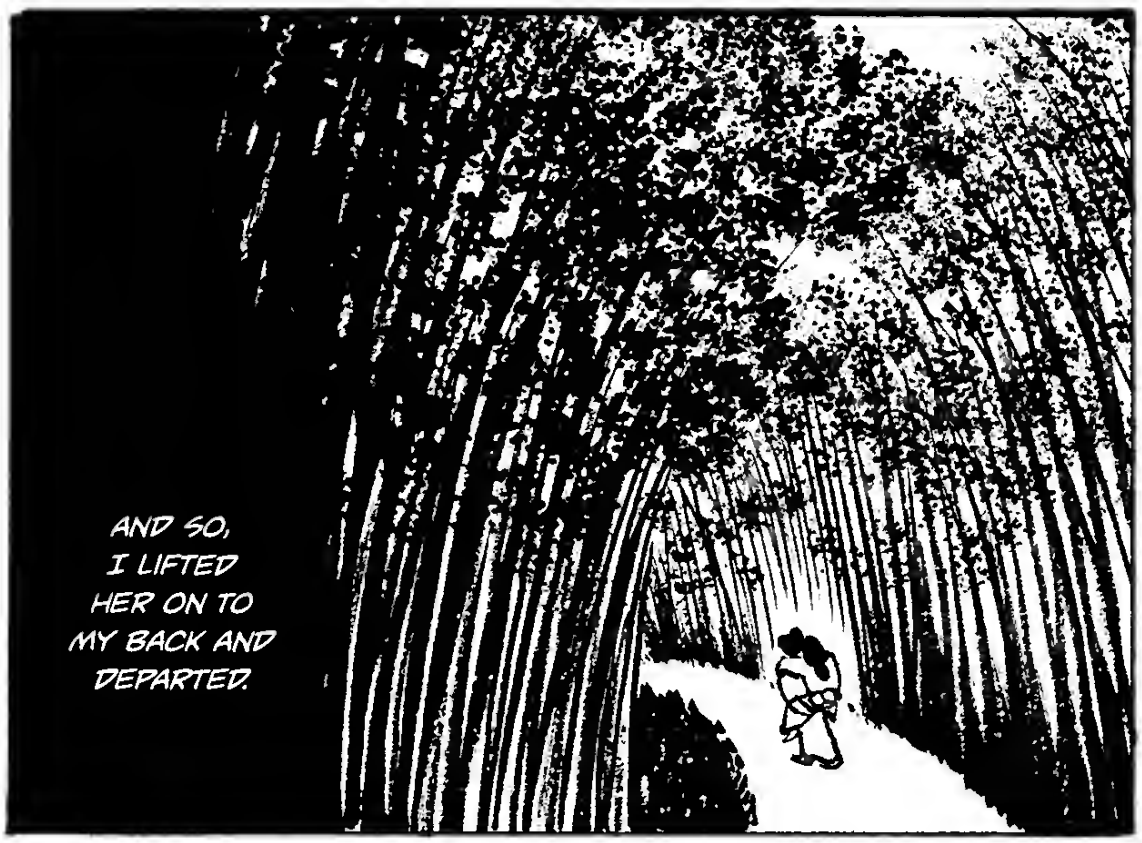

ONE NIGHT, I WOKE UP TO HEAR A NUN TELLING A CONFES-SION STORY.

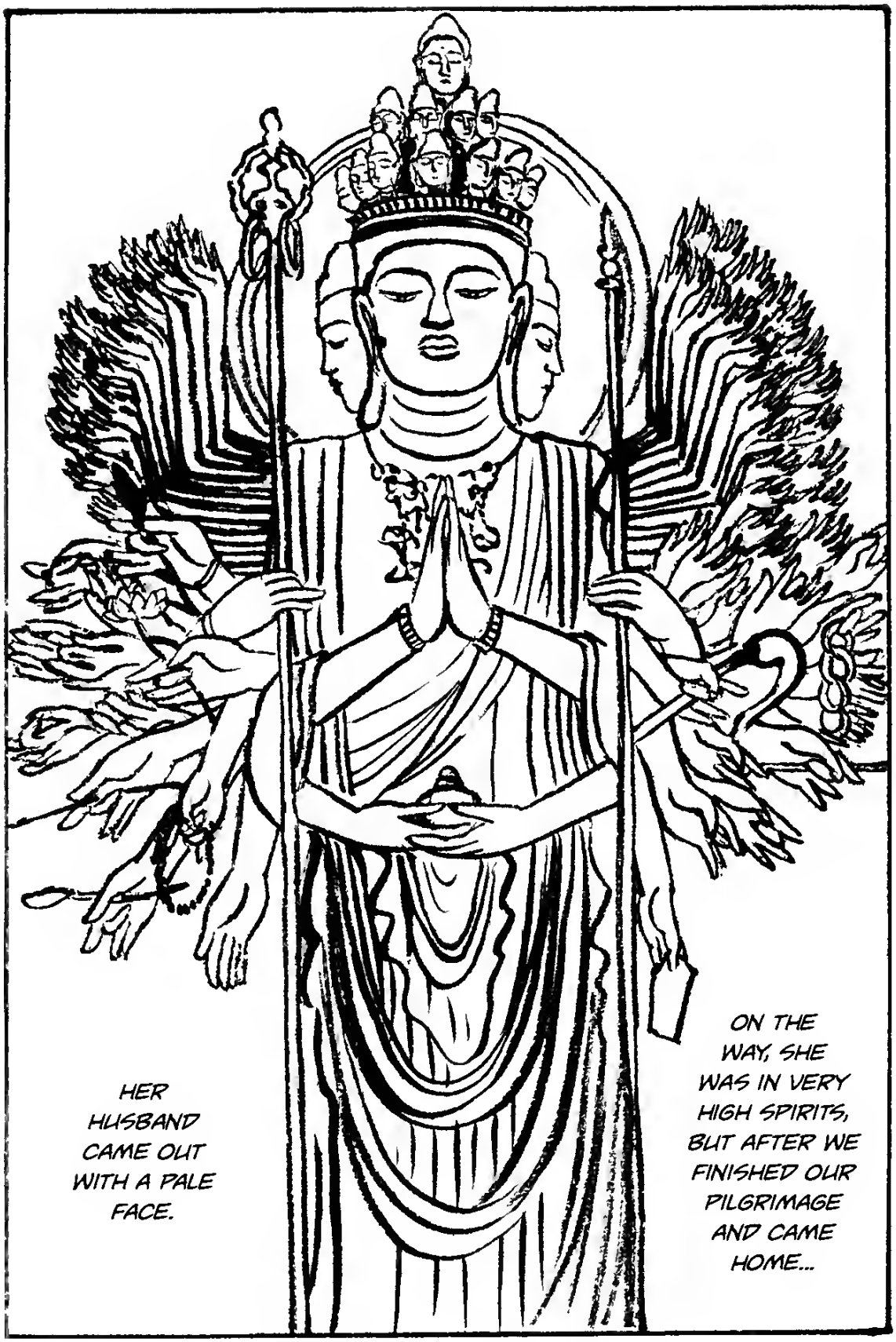

WHEN I WAS LITTLE, I WAS SEPARATED FROM MY PARENTS AND TAKEN IN AND RAISED BY A WEALTHY COUPLE WITHIN MY VILLAGE.

WHEN I BECAME 15 OR 16, THE WIFE SUCCUMBED TO AN ILLNESS THAT GREW WORSE AND WORSE EACH DAY. ONE DAY, SHE CALLED US AND HER HUSBAND TO HER BEDSIDE.

YOU NEED NOT FEEL DEPRESSED OR LONELY.
IF YOU INTEND TO TAKE ANOTHER WIFE AFTER I PASS AWAY, LET THE WOMAN BESIDE YOU BE MY SUCCESSOR.
TAKE CARE OF YOUR HEALTH AND ENJOY YOUR COMFORT.
WORK HARD FOR OUR HOUSE IN MY PLACE.

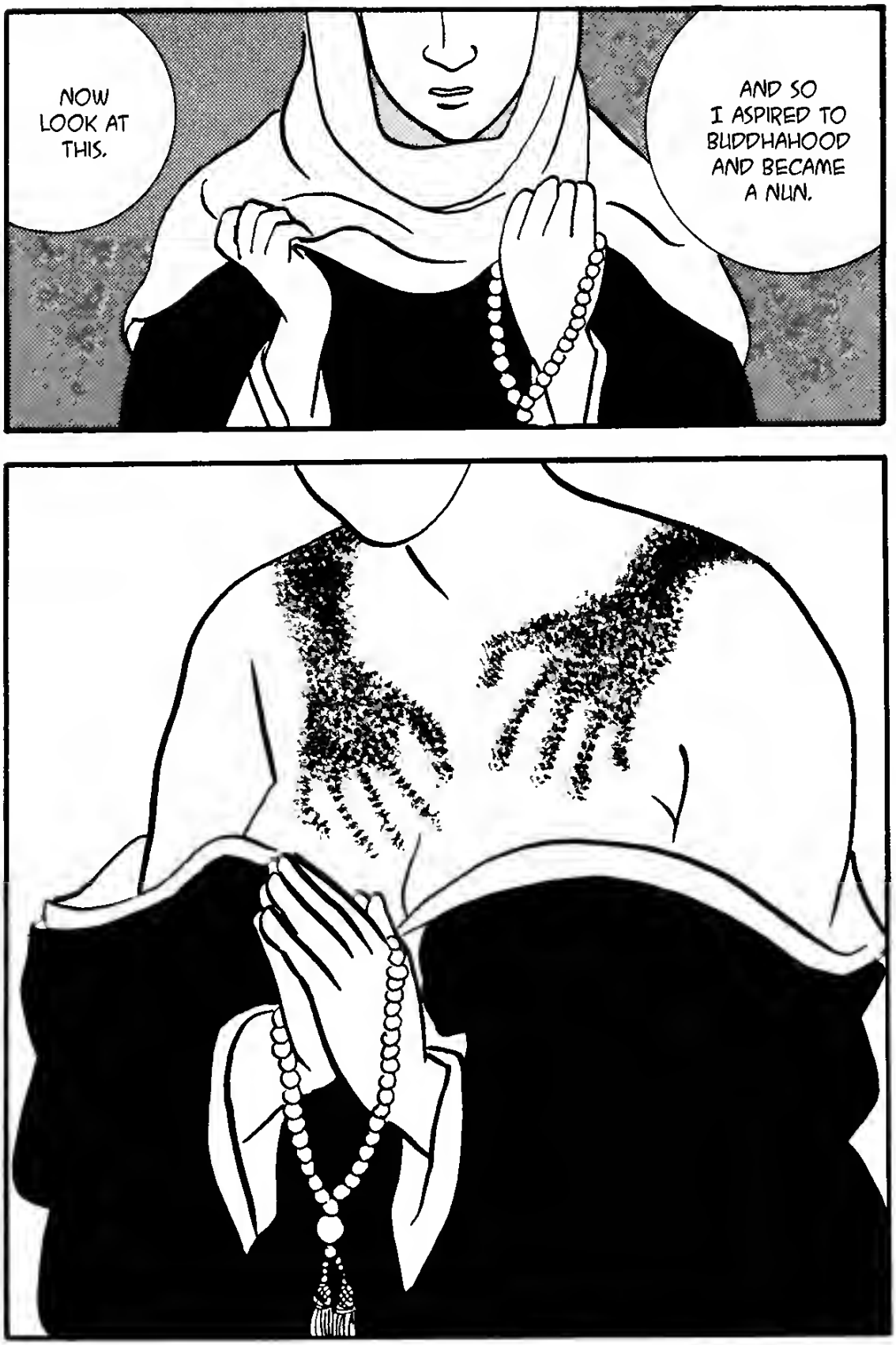
I FEEL SURPRISINGLY WELL TODAY, SO I WOULD LIKE TO MAKE A PILGRIMAGE TO THE NEARBY KANNON STATUE.
ONE EVENING, SHE CALLED ME IN AGAIN.


AND SO, I LIFTED HER ON TO MY BACK AND DEPARTED.


HER HUSBAND CAME OUT WITH A PALE FACE.
ON THE WAY, SHE WAS IN VERY HIGH SPIRITS, BUT AFTER WE FINISHED OUR PILGRIMAGE AND CAME HOME...

I THOUGHT SHE HAD MERELY FALLEN ASLEEP, BUT IT TURNS OUT THAT THE OLD WOMAN HAD BREATHED HER LAST ON MY SHOULDERS, AND NO MATTER HOW HARD I TRIED, I COULD NOT REMOVE HER ARMS.

BUT STRANGE MARKS REMAINED ON MY SHOULDERS AND BREASTS FROM WHERE HER ARMS HAD BEEN.
WE TRIED EVERYTHING, BUT IT WASN'T UNTIL SEVERAL DAYS THAT THEY FINALLY CAME OFF, UPON WHICH WE PERFORMED A WARM FUNERAL.


NOW LOOK AT THIS.
AND SO I ASPIRED TO BUDDHAHOOD AND BECAME A NUN.